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POEMS
BY AGNES C. JORDAN



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P O E M S

SOCIAL, MILITARY, AND DOMESTIC.

BY

AGNES C. JORDAN.

“Let labour have its due! my cot shall be
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free:
Let labour have its due;—then peace is mine,
And never, never shall my heart repine.”

Bloomfield.

LONDON:

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LEICESTER: T. CHAPMAN BROWNE.

1862.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR,

These Unpretending Poems,

THE PRODUCTION OF A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, ARE,
BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S MOST GRATEFUL AND MOST
OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHORESS.

865182

P R E F A C E .

A PREFACE is not always a necessary appendage to a book, but the authoress of the following pages feels too diffident of her poetical powers to entrust her little work to the rough ocean without saying one word to ensure it a favouring gale.

As a soldier's daughter, wife, and mother, she has naturally harped much on military themes ; more, perhaps, than on the feminine feelings, affections, and duties which have formed a large portion of her happiness. Her "gentle readers" will make allowance for this preponderance of battle subjects ; and will also,

PREFACE.

she trusts, pardon the many imperfections of her verses from the circumstances under which they were written. Criticism she hardly ventures to deprecate, for she can scarcely expect that her effusions will be thought worthy of it. Such as they are, she commits them to the public in the hope that they may not be found undeserving of a humble place amongst the many poetical works of higher pretensions. To the numerous subscribers who have been pleased to patronize her little volume, she begs to make her most grateful acknowledgments.

Leicester. May 25, 1862.

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ON THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BRITANNIA weeps ! her sons are slain !
They lie on Alma's grassy plain ;
They sleep—ah ! never more to wake !
No bugle shall their slumbers break.
A trumpet with a louder blast
Must break that leaden sleep at last.
Oh, on the eve of that great day
How wearied ! yet their hearts were gay ;
And 'neath the morrow's dawning sun
Their faith and fondest hopes were one.
A marshal'd host, with varied mien,
It was a wondrous sight, I ween ;
But, ah ! in undisturbed repose,
Long, long before that day's dark close,
They slept, who with the sun arose—
Their life-blood mingling with their foes'.

Soon as the combat's strife began,
Down Alma's heights in streams it ran ;
And they so late their country's pride
Lay cold amid the purple tide.
Mothers, ye have not long to wait ;
Too soon you'll know your darlings' fate.
In sorrow weep, for never more
Will they grace hall or cottage door ;
When, clasp'd in your embracing arms,
Ye raptured viewed their infant charms.
Say, did ye with the first fond kiss
Dream they would die a death like this ?
Oh, love immortal—anguish deep—
To think of their unbroken sleep !
Unbroken ? No ! that sleep shall break—
That dust to endless being wake ;
For though no mother watched the bed,
To smooth the pillow, raise the head,
God sent His angels there instead.
And though dark fury raged around,
And dying warriors strewed the ground,
Unseen by mortal eye, descending
Softly, the starry pathway wending,
Gently around those heroes bending,

Angels displayed the palm—the crown—
Till that rough bed felt soft as down.
Ah ! many a one that day was shriven,
Mercy was sought, and pardon given,
And many a soul took flight to heaven.
For God our Saviour's ever nigh
To mark the prayerful upturn'd eye—
The breathing of the last-drawn sigh.
Ye veterans, mourn your offspring gone,
For when your swords they buckled on—
Those treasured swords ye strongly prized—
Your fondest hopes were realized,
While longing for the dreadful day
When they their courage might display ;
And their gay laugh so loudly rang,
As light they to their saddles sprang,
While mothers, sisters, turned to hide
The tears they knew the brave would chide.
Say, did no dark forebodings tell
That ye had ta'en a long farewell ?
They ford the river, mount the steep,
'Mid the mad tumult loud and deep.
Upwards, ye gallant clansmen—on—
Your chieftain follow—all is won !

Despite of sabre, shot, and shell,
They fought and conquered ere they fell.
Oh, hardy sons of Scotia's Isle
On her green sward no more ye'll smile—
No more your manly forms be seen
Sporting upon the village green.
Your tartans, but so late your pride,
With your own noble blood are dyed.
And brave Sir Colin ! well might'st thou
Sheathe thy worn sword and rest it now ;
But 'tis not done, for thou wilt get
A laurel'd wreath to crown thee yet.
Nor is the meed less due to you,
Ye brave ones, with the blood-stained blue,
Who joined the fiery combat too.
O Britain ! in the mighty fray
How were thy laurels won that day !
Won by thy valour, thirst, and toil,
By ruin'd homesteads' blood and spoil.
Then did those conquerors, bold and true,
All 'twas in mortal power to do ;
They flinched not, for they knew 'twas theirs
To claim a nation's holiest prayers.
But, ah ! how vain the minstrel's lay,

Nor can the painter's art portray
The scenes of that eventful day.
Then fill the wine-cup to the brave
Who dared the battle and the grave ;
And, soldiers, your gay banners wave ;
But on the soil O lightly tread
Where soundly sleep the honoured dead ;
And thou sweet Alma, softly lave
The cemetery of the brave
Who died their father-land to save !

THE STRICKEN VILLAGE.

WEEPING for the dead—
Wives, mothers, sisters, all !
O'er Hartley village
Death has thrown a pall.

'Twas not on the battle-field
Heaven's blue arch above,
Nor was it in cottage-home
Watch'd by eye of love ;

But 'twas in a living tomb,
Husbands, fathers, sons,
'Mid foul vapour, deepest gloom,
Died those hapless ones.

Ye were not alone ;
There was yet another—
Living, standing by your side—
Christ, our elder Brother.

Ere your loving friends
Knew the dismal story,
Brightest seraphs bore your souls
To your home of glory.

ON THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

YE who once trode the battle-field
With Wellington the brave,
Go put your sable garments on,
Come to the hero's grave.

There sorrowing princes ye shall meet
'Neath yonder sacred dome,
See stern Britannia drop her tears
Upon the warrior's tomb.

Led by the God of hosts was he,
And still went conquering on, -
While angels wove th' unfading wreath
That crown'd brave Wellington.

Fearless of death he stood before
The proud Napoleon's host ;
And led his eager followers on
Despite the Emperor's boast.

Ye saw them fall upon the field,
The young, the brave, the true,
Yet still unhurt by mortal hand
The Prince of Waterloo.

But now the venerable Chief
In glory of fourscore
Hath passed, amid a nation's tears,
And guards our land no more.

And shall we dare to question where
The hero's spirit's gone ?
God hath receiv'd the soul, we trust,
Of gallant Wellington.

ON A BELOVED SISTER.

LOUISA now hath long been dead,
We hear her voice no more :
The fairest flower that ever grew
Beside our cottage door.

With fancy's eye I see her yet,
So gentle, yet so gay ;
With living things around her,
And she as blythe as they.

Perch'd on her little rounded arm,
I see her speckled hen
Pecking from off her rosy lips
The crumbs she moisten'd then.

Methinks I hear her voice so sweet
Right early in the morn,
Calling her petted chickens round
The basket full of corn.

And oft I see her throwing back
From off her brow so fair,
Her light and silken tresses
Which floated on the air.

Yet I would never wish her back
In this dark world of care ;
In heaven I trust to meet again,
And be companions there.

She's gone ! and much hath pass'd away
Which we shall see no more ;
But that bud I will remember still
That blossomed at our door.

ODE TO SCOTLAND.

LAND of my forefathers, loved Caledonia,
 Pure are the crystal-drops dimpling thy rills ;
 Where are there flowers like thy hawthorn and
 heather-bell,
 And the gay yellow broom on thy bleak rugged
 hills ?
 Brave are thy sons as the heroes of Bannock-
 burn,
 Proud are thy daughters to call them their own ;
 Brave Caledonia ! gem of the ocean !
 In beauty and grandeur thou standest alone.
 Still, then, may Scottish lads, deck'd in their
 tartan plaids,
 Ever with heroes of England combine,
 Heaven will avert the blow, nought shall lay
 Britain low,
 While the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock entwine.

ON THE LATE DUCHESS OF KENT.

PRIDE lays her gaudy plumes aside,
E'en Mirth forgets to smile ;
And Royalty, with measur'd step,
Treads o'er the vaulted aisle.

Warriors and nobles stand in awe
Amid the general gloom ;
The highborn and the beautiful
Are weeping o'er the tomb.

And why ?—the mother of our Queen
Hath passed away from earth,
To wear an everlasting crown
Of dazzling, matchless worth.

And shall a nation's sympathy
In funeral pomp be seen ?
Such mockery ill befits our love
For our right royal Queen.

Britannia pours her sorrow forth
In gushing tears for thee,
For she who is our country's pride
Was fondled on thy knee.

The precepts thou hast given shall live
In thy fair progeny,
And lands remote shall bless the day
That gave our Queen to thee.

Fond mothers, too, shall bless that day ;
Babes yet unborn shall smile ;
For thou a mighty charm hast thrown
Around our native Isle.

Long lov'd, regretted, good Princess !
Thou'lt live in Britain's fame
While time shall last or language tell
Thy own Victoria's name.

CHURCH BELLS.

HARK ! delightful bells are ringing,
Thoughts of bygone days are bringing,
Days of innocence and pleasures—
Gone for aye, ye heaven-born treasures !
Oh ! the melancholy feeling
O'er my soul comes while they 're pealing,
For lov'd friends who, far away,
Spend a ceaseless Sabbath day.
But why mourn ? Their toils are past,
Safe in Jesu's arms at last ;
There, 'mid glories past revealing,
Heavenly bells are ever pealing.

THE CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

“SAY, dearest mother, will you and I
Live far above yon starry sky?
Say, may I wander through flowery fields
Where the breath of the morning rich fragrance yields?
Will rivers and brooks be in yonder land,
And there may I sport with a joyous band?
Will birds with their melody fill the air,
And all in that country be sweet and fair,
And all that I love now so dearly be there?”
“Dear boy, thy great and unchangeable Sire
Will bestow all thine innocent heart can desire,
When thy spirit doth from this bleak world retire.
There the winds of adversity never shall blow,
But streams from pure fountains for ever shall flow;
Yet ‘through great tribulation,’ my darling boy,
We alone can arrive in yon land of joy.”

CHILDHOOD.

I LOVE to think on childhood,
When so careless I would roam
Where violets sweet were springing
Far from my cottago home.

To sit and watch the water
Rippling o'er each pebbly stone,
Or to cull the flower I fancied,
All bright and newly blown.

Each bud, each flower, each blade of grass
Had beauty then for me ;
My playmates, too, were beautiful,
So full of love and glee.

And I the leader often was
Of all that merry band ;
We looked like some bright beings then
Come forth from fairy land.

Some of us had raven locks,
Dark eyes, and dimpled chin ;
Some eyes of blue, and bosoms fair,
And hearts as pure within.

The grass it was our carpet,
Our ceiling the blue sky :
O, we were happy creatures then,
No care had they or I.

With hats thrown back from off our heads,
Now scampering down a hill,
Now stopping at a bramble bush
Our baskets there to fill.

O, these were days of gipsying,
For we often berries took
For our noontide meal, and quench'd our
thirst
From out the purling brook.

And when I've gone on bended knee,
There to allay my thirst,
A sportive elf my head would duck,
Then into laughter burst.

Ah! we had merry faces then,
And we had sunny eyes;
This weary world was nought to us,
— Its sorrows or its sighs.

And one there was, a lovely girl,
Who for my gipsy brow
Would sit and weave a flow'ry wreath;
But she's an angel now.

She was a fair and gentle thing,
Her spirit not like ours,
The pride, the treasure of us all—
The beauty of our flowers.

Alas! for they've been scatter'd long,
That young and goodly band—
Some struggling with the world, like me,
Some in a "better land."

TO THE CITY OF BATH.

HOME of my early days, can I forget thee,
 Thou mountain-bound city, thou sweet valley,
 Bath ?

No, for thy lovely scenes oft pass before me,
 Those scenes which illumin'd my then thorn-
 less path.

How oft my young feet on thy green sward
 have gambol'd

While panting for breath up thy hills I would
 climb ;

My heart then as light as the cool breeze which
 fann'd me,

Dreaming not of the web wove by old "Fa-
 ther Time."

Full oft have I stood and gaz'd at "Sham
Castle,"

"Dig Bigg's" monument tragically rais'd ;
Many a castle I've built of mine own since,
Fine airy structures, foundations all craz'd.

Oh, how I love thee still, home of my childhood,
Toss'd as I've been on the ocean of life ;
All the sweet hopes of my youth well-nigh
shipwreck'd,
Still God keeps my soul 'mid the tumult
and strife.

Turn to Him, then, O ye wayworn and weary ;
Look with the eye of faith up thro' the gloom ;
There sits your Maker and loving Refiner,
Your Saviour who triumph'd o'er death and
the tomb.

Where's "Gaffer Vowels," the sturdy old
farmer,
Trudging about with his cudgel in hand,—
A terror to all the young urchins around him
Who thoughtlessly trespassed or strolled on
his land ?

Where is the news-vendor, punctual to time—
aye,

Whose voice sounds so musically still in mine
ears ?

Gone with the rest of life's early companions,
Never more to be seen in this valley of tears.

O ye lost lov'd ones, could I behold you !

You who on me so endearingly smil'd !

Why will ye haunt me, sweet visions of beauty ?

Intervening years vanish, and I'm but a child.

Lost, did I say ? O no, not for ever,

'Twere blasphemy sure such vain language
as this ;

'Twas a glorious transition, death open'd the
portal,

That led you right on to the regions of bliss.

In fancy once more we climb stiles through the
greenwood,

Tossing our locks on the breast of the breeze,
No care before us, time flies swiftly o'er us ;

Riper years never bring pleasures like these.

Thou'rt changed, lovely Bath, but not chang'd
in thy grandeur,
Thine own craggy cliff its bold crest yet may
rear,
Time may touch with rough hand all beneath,
all around it ;
But its base is a rock which time never may
sere.

Just so is the Christian : tho' tempests surround
him,
He heeds not the danger—he fears not its
form ;
Securely he's fix'd on the great Rock of Ages,
And with grandest composure he smiles at the
storm.

Come, then, Resignation, thou angel of bright-
ness,
And teach me to bear what in love hath
been given :
Faith, Hope, and Charity, all ye sweet graces,
Be my companions up onward to heaven.

THE SAILOR BOY.

OH, sweet be thy slumbers, boy, down in the
deep!

The waves of old ocean have rock'd thee to
sleep :

Thy lullaby how much more potent its charms
Then when thou wert hush'd in thy young
mother's arms !

Nor shall sheep-bell's gay tinkle, or cooing of
dove,

Or sweet song of thrush break thy visions of
love :

Wild billows may roll, and mad tempests may
rave,

Chanting requiem hoarse o'er thy watery grave,
But they'll never disturb the sweet sleep of the
brave.

The maiden who lov'd thee from childhood's
 gay hours,
For thee is preparing a chaplet of flowers ;
But thou'lt never return, they'll wither and die,
Whilst thou 'mong the weeds of the ocean
 must lie.

Ere the love of the marvellous taught thee to
 roam
From the land of thy birth—from thy dear
 cottage home—
Thy parents, so true to the trust that was given,
Had nurtur'd thy soul for a mansion in heaven.

O'er all gems in the mighty deep peerless thou'lt
 shine,
Unapproachable still like a king thou'lt recline,
Like a prince thou wilt rest on thy gay coral
 bed,
Till the sea shall be summon'd to "give up her
 dead."
But free and unshackl'd thy spirit will stray,
Whispering peace to thy mother who kneeleth
 to pray.

COUSIN KATE.

OH, don't you remember the stream, cousin Kate,
The stream by the side of the mill ?

And the sweet gurgling brook where our pitchers
we took—

Our little brown pitchers—to fill ?

Our mothers, sweet Kate, and our dear sainted
sires,

Ah ! where, cousin, where are they now ?

Gone away to their home through the valley of
death,

Where care never wrinkles the brow.

Do you mind, too, the shady green wood, cousin
Kate,

Where we oft heard the nightingale's song ?

Ah ! those were sweet moments to you and to me,

Far away from the gay giddy throng.

Do you mind, too, the ploughboy, the merry
young wag—

With his heart ever brimful of joy,
Who cared less for the world than the world
cared for him,
And counted ambition a toy?

Do you remember the old dusty miller, dear
Kate?

So heavy at moving along,
Who liv'd on and laugh'd o'er the good things
of life,
And, if right, never car'd who was wrong?

Ah! well I remember the day, cousin Kate,
When I twin'd orange-wreaths round your
brow,
That your lover in pride gaz'd entranced on his
bride,
For you were bewitching, I trow.

But, ah! I remember best of all, my dear Kate,
When Colin, the brave and the true,
One sweet summer eve came to our garden gate
The first time your cousin to woo.

Ah ! those were the sunny bright days, dearest
Kate,

When all seem'd so fair and so good ;
But nought now remains of those once fairy
scenes

Save the mill, and the stream, and the wood.

For low in the churchyard they lie fast asleep,
The dearest, the fondest, and best :
Time is wearing away, we shall soon be as they,
'Neath the clods of the valley at rest.

But, ah ! on the grand rising day, cousin Kate,
When our dust shall awake from the tomb,
We'll meet those lov'd friends where the day
never ends,
And night never comes with its gloom.

Then away with all sorrow and tears, dearest
Kate,
Which cloud and bedim these poor eyes ;
There's joy in yon land, at our Father's right
hand,
Then let us press on for the prize.

ON THE REV. JOHN WING,

LATE VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, LEICESTER.

FAREWELL, lamented pastor of thy flock !
How can our stricken spirits bear the shock !
Call'd from thy labour and thy deeds of love
To joy's own fulness in thy home above !
Thy blameless life, thy peaceful death, shall tell
How in thy people's hearts thy name shall dwell.
Never, ah ! never more, thy rich-ton'd voice
Shall bid the sinner fear, the saint rejoice,
Nor of the mourner's future bliss foretell
In that fair country where thou'lt ever dwell.
Mark'd as the gentleman, the scholar, thou
In the e'er kindly word, the graceful bow,
Thy silvery locks, the patriarchal grace,

The sweet composure of thy saint-like face,
Seem'd ever to "adorn the holy place."
Now with the innumerable angelic band
Thou'lt live securely in the spirit land—
Far from this world, its endless vain turmoil
And disappointment. Varied grief and toil,
At our Redeemer's beck, have pass'd away
For purest joys, for scenes of brighter day;
United to those worthies of renown—
Thy palm like theirs—like theirs thy glorious
crown.

Forgive, then, ah! forgive the tears we shed—
Affection's tribute o'er thy narrow bed.
Not "without hope" we sorrow o'er the sod:
We know thy spirit dwelleth with thy God.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

AWAKE, my fair-hair'd boy ! why sleepest thou ?
 Why are thy cheeks so pale ? so pale thy
 brow ?

Why are thy locks into disorder flung ?
 Thy sword unsheath'd—thy bugle all unslung ?
 Thy war-horse waits, so true to battle bred,
 Tossing with pride his noble neck and head ;
 But vainly waits for thee, for thou art dead !
 Whose hand like thine will smooth his glossy
 mane ?

Whose hand like thine will gaily guide the
 rein,
 To check or cheer him o'er the battle-plain ?
 Not one, fair boy ! thou wert too gentle far
 To bide the brunt, to learn the art of war.

Wake, sleeper, wake ! thy bed is cold and damp,
Thy comrades wait thee in yon noisy camp.

No, ne'er again reveillé shalt thou sound—
Thy happy spirit treads more peaceful ground ;
No trump of discord in that land is found.
Hush ! softly ! come not near with martial
tread—

Come, ye fair spirits, your soft pinions spread
O'er him, a widow's son ;—shield his young
head.

Thy mother !—ah, thou wert her only joy !
How will she long to see her darling boy !
Fondly for thee shall her sad spirit yearn ;
But vain her hopes—thou never canst return.

Thy father died ; ah, sad alternative !

Thee they enroll'd, to let thy mother live.

Full oft in dreams has she beheld her child,
Gaz'd on her brave young soldier-boy, and
smiled,

Pleas'd with the martial airs thou didst assume,
When full equipp'd with bugle, sword, and
plume,

Then wake to weep—fond hearts alone can tell
What grief is hidden in that word “farewell.”

Oft do her thoughts revert to bygone years,
When thou, the child of many hopes and fears,
Sat'st on her knee, smiling amid thy tears.

Then she has been of half her cares beguil'd
By the sweet cherub glances of her child,
While parting back from off thy forehead fair
The curly tresses of thy flaxen hair.

Thy faithful dog, worthy his master's trust,
From off thy marble forehead licks the dust
Nigh to this place was thy last bivouac,
There last he shared thy supper and thy sack.
Perchance he yet may reach thy mother's cot,
And tell the tale which now thou heedest not.
Then sleep on now, thou fair-hair'd soldier-
boy,

Nought can come near thy lasting bliss to cloy.
And as of thee each sorrowing comrade speaks,
Tears shall run down his weather-beaten
cheeks ;

Till, half asham'd, he wipes those tears away,
And, tho' he feels not, strives to look more
gay.

He'll fancy still he hears thee in thy glee
Beside the camp-fire whistling News for Me ;”

Good news, indeed ! with angels thou shalt roam
O'er plains of glory in thy heavenly home.
Thy trusting mother yet shall see her boy
In those bright regions of immortal joy,
Shall bless the day when, safe from war's alarms,
Bright angels bore thee to thy Saviour's arms.

ODE TO UNITY.

ALL hail to the Rose of old England !
Long, long may it flourish and smile ;
Hail to the Thistle of Scotland,
And Shamrock of Erin's green isle !

Gracefully twining together,
Let each to sweet friendship respond ;
Never let bitter dissension
Break sweet fraternity's bond.

Then shall no foreign invader
Dare set a foot on our strand,
Whilst we are true to each other,
Joining with heart and with hand.

ON ROTHESAY CASTLE,

ISLE OF BUTE.

An old man sat by the castle so grey,
 And aye, as his hand touch'd the strings
 of his lute,
 His spirit pour'd forth a plaintive lay
 O'er the stately ruins of charming Bute.

Thy glory's gone, no merriment
 Is heard within thy halls ;
 Upon the ear no vesper hymn
 With holy music falls.
 No longer here the tartan'd chief
 To martial duty calls ;
 Here are no courtly maidens now,
 Or men of chivalry,

Who used to pay their homage
Upon the bended knee.
They've pass'd away—they've pass'd away
Like other earthly things,
And ivy clings in sadness
To the once gay home of kings.
Here 'twas the broken-hearted sire
In sullen sorrow died,
And here the English monarch came
To heal his wounded pride.
But now here sits the gloomy bird,
And spectres, it may be,
Dance to the howling winds,
And hold their midnight revelry.
How chang'd it is! how chang'd it is!
Time with a wondrous stride
Hath pass'd, and left grim ruin here,
Enthron'd in regal pride.
Here, on this spot, our hardy sires
Oft met their daring foes,
Till fir'd by coward hands at last,
Then did its glory close.
And now again how sad the strain
Flow'd from the minstrel's lute,

O'er him who kept this high domain—
Late noble Lord of Bute.
O where is he, the once belov'd,
The generous, and the good,
Who in the cause of suffering worth
The great supporter stood?
'Twas his delight to visit oft
The poor man's sad abode,
Where want, disease, and sad despair,
Make up his galling load.
Long shall this lovely isle weep o'er
Her honour'd chieftain's dust;
The mighty spirit hath resign'd
To God her sacred trust.
“My days are nearly number'd,”
The aged minstrel said,
“For wintry frosts and summer suns
Have bleach'd this hoary head.
But on this charming, happy isle
My youthful feet oft trod;
Then of her beauties let me sing,
While wandering o'er the sod.”

THE GIPSY MAID.

Away in the woods there,
Down deep in the shade,
Lives the pride of the gipsies,
The merry brown maid.

She is firm to her trust ;
Think you aught can e'er bribe
This flower of the forest,
This gem of her tribe ?

Child of our nature,
Then why should not she
Be as faithful and loving
And joyous as we ?

How oft, when a child,
Have I run from my play
If I heard of the gipsies
A-coming that way !

Tho' I lov'd their wild nature,
I dar'd not to face
Those whom I despis'd
As a fugitive race.

But tho' wild be our nature,
Our hearts may prove good ;
'Tis so with the girl
In the shady green wood.

A PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF
PEACE IN 1854.

Go forth, O Lord of Hosts, go forth,
And guard our gallant band ;
Go forth, O Lord of battles, go,
And stay war's slaughtering hand.

Look down with pitying eye, and see
Our homes left desolate ;
And on the blood-red field again
Let peace and mercy wait.

Say to the raging storm, " Be still,"
Bid man his foe forgive ;
Let those who bravely went to die,
Return in joy to live.

We are, O Lord, by sin defiled—

A froward, guilty race ;

O teach us by thy judgments still

To seek thy proffer'd grace.

Our vows we make to Thee, O Lord,

Thy blessings we invoke,

Yet worship other gods than Thee,

And thy just wrath provoke.

We, as our fathers did of old,

Bow down to wood and stone,

Unmindful of our Saviour's love,

His cross and dying groan.

But spare us, Lord of mercy, spare,

And guard our gallant band ;

Go forth, O Lord of armies, go,

And stay war's slaughtering hand.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

SWEET Liberty ! who would not be free ?
The birds of the air, and the fish in the sea—
Ay, nature itself, is gladden'd by thee.
The clear little brook, as it sends with a song
Its waters away with such glee,
'Tells the lone passer-by, as he travels along,
That its health all belongs unto thee.
The flowers of the field, as they gracefully bend
To let the breeze pass overhead,
Tell the urchins who pluck them so careless
that they
Would much rather bloom in their bed,
With fragrance to scent the low vale,
To gladden the heart and the eye,

Than thus be upturn'd by the roots—
Alas! soon to wither and die.
The worm just upturn'd by the spade
Doth in silence for liberty sue,
Doth so meekly for liberty plead,
Telling man it hath business to do.
Yes, nought was created in vain—
Not the meanest thing under the sun;
God made all things after their kind,
And commanded their work to be done.
The bee hums its song of delight
As from floweret to floweret it skips;
Tenacious of liberty still,
See how cautious the nectar she sips,
Lest the school-boy, with satchel in hand,
So joyous with liberty too,
Bent on mischief, should put her to flight,
Little caring the folly to rue.
The butterfly spreads her gay wings,
And gracefully flutters with glee;
Whilst the thrush sweetly sings, near the case-
ment encag'd,
Yet anxiously longs to be free.

Sweet butterfly! emblem of man's heavenly
state

When he breaks from his mortal control—

A worm yesterday, now an angel of light—

With liberty stamp'd on his soul.

O Britain, thou land of the brave and the free!

A magnet, a star, and a gem!

Attractive to strangers from nations afar,

A home and a refuge for *them*.

The slave, to the galley once chain'd,

Sets his foot on thy shore and is free,

While in accents best known to himself

He chants a loud pæan to Thee!

ON THE DEATH OF THE
PRINCE CONSORT.

DEPARTED Prince, of peerless worth !
Gem of a mighty shore !
Lamented Consort of our Queen,
Thou'lt grace her throne no more !

Star of our Isle, so brightly set
In thy meridian light ;
Transcendent was the brilliant path
That mark'd thy heavenward flight.

Peace was thy motto, noblest Prince,
No deeds of carnage thine ;
Now ever with the Prince of Peace
Thine angel form shall shine ;
Whilst love, and liberty, and peace
Still weep around thy shrine.

Patron of arts ! the poor man's friend !
Submissively we bow
To Him who laid death's chilling hand
Upon thy manly brow.

For thee, loved Sovereign, countless tears
In sympathy are shed ;
Thy faithful subjects long shall mourn
O'er the illustrious dead.

Tho' thy lov'd offspring are no more
By a fond sire caress'd,
Yet may we hope that they may rise
To call their *mother* bless'd.

What virtues graced his honour'd name !
May such be found in them—
Living the bright unsullied life
That mark'd the parent stem.

Then shall Religion hold her sway
O'er this our happy Isle ;
And prince, and peer, and cottager
Round Britain's throne shall smile.

LUCY; OR, THE COTTAGE CHILD.

Rosy child, with sunburnt face,
Eyes of such bewitching grace,
Locks 'tween fair and glossy jet—
Methinks thou art a real brunette.
Then thou hast a fairy tread—
Wild flowers, laughing, lift their head
When thou trippest o'er their bed ; *
But while thy lap is filled with flowers,
Dost thou dream of coming hours—
Future hours all fraught with woe
In thy pilgrimage below ?

* “ E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.”—*Scott*.

No ! thou little gipsy queen,
Thine's a life of joy, I ween.
Now thou'rt swinging on the gate,
Heedless of the farmer's hate ;
Now, on rope between the trees,
Thou art toss'd upon the breeze,
Whilst thy locks, as playful too,
Seem the very breeze to woo.
Of all urchins wildest weed,
Thou'rt a very romp indeed—
Yet a fairy queen, I trow,
Little maid with sunburnt brow.
Here thou art to girlhood grown,
Like a floweret but half blown :
Still thy life is but a trance.
Dost thou join in merry dance ?
Dream not, maiden, of true bliss,
In a faithless world like this.
Mark me, trusting one, 'tis true,
Earthly joys are not for you.
Do I see thee yet again ?
Wert thou made a bride—and when ?
Thought hath settled on thy brow—
Cypress wreath entwines it now.

Thou, the once sweet laughing maid,
Cast unheeded in the shade,
Dost thou see gay childhood's hours,
When thine hands were fill'd with flowers?
When thy sweet face beam'd with bright-
ness,

And thy step was joy and lightness?
Dost thou see confiding youth,
When thy fancy painted truth?
Yet another scene thou'lt view—
Walk thou on—the good pursue.
God hath all these trials given
To prepare thy soul for heaven.
Like pure gold, thou hast been tried—
In the furnace purified.
Still hope on—thy pilgrimage
God will bless with silvery age.

ON CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.

IN sunny childhood, careless, gay, and free,
 A generous, leal, light, loving heart had he;
 His Christian parents' hope and future joy
 Was this true-hearted, noble soldier-boy.
 And tho', in after years, 'mid pleasure's maze,
 He pass'd some few and hapless "evil days,"
 His guardian angels round him fondly spread
 Their sheltering wings to shield his youthful
 head.

Onward they watch'd him—mark'd the sigh
 sincere

Which e'er must follow on our wild career;
 Nor rested till his contrite heart was laid
 Low at His feet who hath our ransom paid.
 Yet that kind heart, e'er ready to forgive,
 That foot which turn'd to "let the reptile live,"

With dauntless courage join'd our country's
cause,
Defying those who trampled on her laws.
And, 'mid the horrors of that dread campaign,
With zeal he labour'd on the battle-plain ;
Like our Great Teacher, ever doing good,
Fearless of death the young believer stood.
" This way, ye 97th ! " he cried—and fell,
While leading those brave few he lov'd so well :
His dying words their mighty import tell.
O may the path illustrious Vicars trod
Lead our brave army to " the Christ of God ! "
While in the conflict at the great Redan,
With numbers far exceeding man to man,
His soul, so eager for her sweet repose,
Clapp'd her glad wings, and in full splendour
rose.

Blest Hedley Vicars ! name for ever dear !
Our hearts send forth the tributary tear ;
We mourn in spirit o'er thy distant grave,
Thou Christian patriot—noblest of the brave !

THE VILLAGE TREASURE.

SEE yon sweet village maid, whose nut-brown
hair

In bright luxuriance shades her forehead fair,
Whose dimpled cheeks bear health's unblemish'd
hue,

With mild soul-speaking eyes to virtue true.
Artless her manner—humble, lacking pelf,
She's unadorned simplicity itself.

O happy peasant! enviable lot!
Her love concentred in her native cot.

Early inured to toil the livelong day,
She whiles the pleasing hours of life away.

Unselfish she, and frugal still her fare,
Her aged helpless mother's all her care—
Still for the wretched has a mite to spare.

O happy being ! clad in mortal clay,
Bless'd with the power to chase life's gloom
away.

Early she learn'd the maxim of the wise—
To have enough is to economize.

By nature frank, no wish lies unrevealed ;
She little keeps, save her good deeds, concealed.
This unaffected girl, "the proud one's scorn,"
Is doubly noble though but lowly born ;
Predestin'd heir of immortality,

Trained for those glorious realms from infancy.

O happy peasant ! from the crowd retired,
Seen but by few, and by as few admired.

Would many a one could share thy blissful lot,
For true-born pleasures glad thy lowly cot.

Go seek this Christian in declining life,

Ask her how she hath borne the world's stern
strife,—

How wrinkled age, with hand so sure and sly,
Hath passed her thus so long unnotic'd by,
Nor furrowed yet her brow, nor dimmed her eye ?
She'll say, with finger pointing to the sky,
"He who came down our fallen race to save
Taught me how I the storms of life might brave,

Taught me to be submissive to the rod
Which draws us nearer to a gracious God.”
O happy pilgrim ! smiling 'mid thy tears,
Thou see'st with eye of faith, through yonder
 spheres,
Thy future home by ransom'd spirits trod—
The grand, refulgent city of our God.

DECORATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH,
LEICESTER.

BRING hither flowers all wet with dew,
 Love's sweetest offering ;
Bring rose-buds, lilies, violets blue,
 Fresh from the lap of spring.

And weave ye garlands rich and rare,
 To deck this ancient pile ;
And ring ye bells a merry peal,
 That youth and age may smile.

Ah, many a bud pluck'd by the hand
Of Him whose name is Love,
Adorns those courts of Christ our Lord—
Gems of the church above.

There, thro' the gardens of our God,
They shed their odours sweet ;
With sweet Hosannas chant His name,
And worship at His feet.

But say, what mean these weeds of woe,
Amid the festive scene ?
These sombre vestments seem to mock
All but the evergreen.

And this in grandeur seems to smile
Upon his gay compeers—
Meet emblem of immortal joy
Beyond this vale of tears.

There, in those realms of pure delight,
Crown'd kings and conquerors bow ;
There wreaths of never-fading bloom
Adorn each radiant brow.

Then bring ye flowers—Spring's choicest
flowers,

To grace this funeral gloom :
Around our late loved vicar's urn
Scatter a sweet perfume,
And swell the choral anthem high
In this time-hallowed dome.

THE WOODCUTTER'S DAUGHTER.

In a neatly thatched cot, round which flowers
are blooming,
My father, the woodcutter, lives ;
He hath little to spare, for his comforts are
rare,
Yet he cheerfully gives what he gives.
When the poor houseless wanderer comes to his
door,
A morsel he gives, and would gladly do more :

Oh, there's nought in this wide world such joy
to me gives
As our sweet little cot where the woodcutter
lives.

I live at the hall, and I love them all there,
But they've nought I admire like my father's
arm-chair;
Or the neat garden-gate, where at set of the sun
He whistles a tune when his labour is done;
Or the rose-tree poor Bessy set with her own
hand,
Ere she left us to go to that beautiful land.
Ah! she look'd so divine as she whisper'd to me,
"When I'm gone, sister Jane, will you mind
my rose-tree?"
I promis'd, and kiss'd her, and bade her fare-
well,
And she went in her bloom with the angels to
dwell.

Oh! I love our dear cot, 'tis more lovely by far
Than the palace where glitter the diamond and
star.

My mother plies hard with her needle, and sings,
And sunshine around our dear cottage she
flings ;

She gossips with none, but is kindly to all—
A friend ever near at necessity's call.

But think you that grief never enter'd our
home ?

Ah, yes ! and we've often had much to bemoan ;
But we've learn'd to be patient, whatever
betide,

For the Father of Mercies in mercy doth chide ;
And if want should assail us, why then He'll
provide.

Oh, there never on earth was a lovelier spot
Than the home of my childhood—the wood-
cutter's cot !

THE HERMIT.

BENEATH a lofty mountain's awful brow,
Far in a dreary solitary wood,
With nought save owls to break the midnight
 gloom,
A hermitage o'ergrown with ivy stood.

Forth from the mountain welled a crystal
 stream,
Which murmuring flowed adown its rugged
 side ;
And fruits and herbage grew around the spot,
Where worth and wisdom did in peace abide.

Surely, methought, when first it met my view,
Mortal ne'er can in this lone place reside :

I scarce had spoken, when, with anxious sight,
A reverend father bent with age I spied.

I started—for his snow-white flowing locks,
His furrow'd cheeks, his staff, his saintly air,
His peaceful smile, his soft but beaming eye,
Bespoke him one of earthly beings rare.

“Young stranger,” thus began the hoary sage,
“Welcome, thrice welcome to this blest re-
treat,
For though I'm by the giddy world forgot,
I with my Saviour hold communion sweet.

“Then come,” said he, “thy weary limbs shall
rest
On my rude couch ; and soon I will prepare
The best that my lone humble cell affords :
What bounteous heaven bestows, with thee I'll
share.”

Then bent his trembling step towards his cell,
Round which sweet flowers in wildest beauty
grew :

“Ah, sure,” said I, “true happiness dwells
here,
Which long I’ve sought, which worldlings
never knew.”

We entered: on his rustic table strew’d
Were holy books—his only treasures there;
A thrush sang sweetly at the gothic door;
His faithful dog lay sleeping in the chair.

Suspended on his aged breast he wore
A golden crucifix, which oft he’d kiss:
I asked his reason, “Oh, my son,” said he,
“This is the passport to eternal bliss.”

“Then say, good father, is it mine to know
What caused thee to forsake life’s bustling
noise—
To leave the pleasures and the haunts of men,
And seek alone these solitary joys?”

“Alas! my son, I’ve proved the world’s deceit;
Its joys are worthless—trifling all are they:
Here sweet religion is my dearest friend;
My God, my Saviour, is my only stay.

“ I lov’d a maiden, but in vain I lov’d ;
A wealthy rival gained her father’s heart ;
And when I sought the lovely maiden’s hand,
With scorn her father bade *me* soon depart.

“ Ah, she was graceful as an angel bright,
No ill suspected, for no ill she knew ;
Her tender heart would melt at tale of woe,
Her tears were precious as the heavenly dew.

“ We wept—embraced—we parted—met no
more !

This sacred crucifix to me she gave :

‘ Dear youth,’ said she, ‘ oh, wear this for my
sake ;

With this in view, thou wilt life’s sorrows brave.’

“ Vainly she wept upon her bridal morn—
Unheeded were her words, lost were her tears :
They were united, but her sordid sire
Soon had no child to cheer his drooping years.

“ She found her partner proud and faithless too ;
His riches had not power to bless the mind :

In glittering halls a wretched wife was she—
In splendid misery for me she pined.

“She is no more ! but, with her parting breath,
She bade them tell me that she lov’d me
still,
And that she would my guardian angel be
To shield my future life from every ill.

“Sweet one ! she long hath dwelt in happier
climes ;
Full oft she’ll look in pity down on me,
Till gracious heaven shall send the mandate forth
To set my weary, willing spirit free.”

This tale he told, and then the hermit wept,
But, turning, quickly brush’d his tears away :
“ You see, my son, how fondly I have loved
Since I the weakness of a child display.”

With herbs and fruits his table then he spread,
And press’d me kindly to partake his fare ;
To rest my weary limbs prepar’d the couch ;
Then offered up to heaven his evening prayer.

Years passed, and oft I visited his cell,
And from his lips have learn'd life's bliss to
scan :

He's gone ; but oft I've bless'd the happy day
When first I met that aged, pious man.

THE IDIOT.

COMPOSED ON READING A TALE.

WHEN the sickle gleams bright thro' the ripe
yellow corn,

And beauty is strewed o'er the sod ;

When nature is humming glad music and nought,
But man is ungrateful to God ;

When the gleaners, all radiant with roses and
smiles,

To the village are wending their way,

Bending 'neath the rich burden of beautiful
grain—

No monarch more happy than they ;

'Tis then, with her baby-doll press'd to her
heart,

Poor Mary, the idiot, will hie
To an old haunted ruin, with Hector, her dog,
To chant there her wild lullaby.

Indiscreet, but not criminal, Mary had been,
For she secretly wedded, and then
She roused the proud blood of the Stuarts which
ran

Through the veins of the Laird of the glen.

He stamp'd, and he swore, her cold-hearted
sire,

As he strode from his “ But to his Ben ;”
Then expell'd from his presence for ever and aye
This beautiful child of the glen.

The husband, whom Mary had urged to depart
“ 'Till her father's fierce anger was o'er,”

Flew back to the rescue, but destined was he
To see his lov'd Mary no more !

Young Roderic was drowned ; his cold corpse
was found ;

Too soon the sad tidings were spread :
Now Mary oft chides the worms on his grave
As they trespass upon his cold bed.

And oh, very oft, on a bright summer's day
She wanders beside a lone stream ;
On a bed of sweet violets her baby she lays,
And of angels will tell it to dream.

Then she'll stoop down and wash its white robes
in the brook,
Flinging back the wild locks of her hair,
Tell you spirits so gentle are waiting for them,
And that she must the raiment prepare.

Poor Mary's beloved by the villagers round ;
And when her day's wandering is o'er,
Her steps she'll bend homeward ; right welcome
is she
At every poor cottager's door.

Blithe urchins returning from school or from
play

Will flock round poor Mary, and then,
When she utters her ravings, will loudly applaud
This poor harmless child of the glen.

Sweet Mary ! that merciful God who saw fit
Thy soul and thy reason to sever,
Will temper the wind to thee, thou shorn lamb,
And bind up thy spirit for ever.

THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

Yes ! angels may look on man's folly and weep,
 View his crimes with a pitying eye,
 Give his pride and his passions a check in their
 course,
 And the legions of darkness defy.

They fly o'er the faithless and fathomless deep,
 Are wrapp'd in the thunder-cloud dreary and
 dark ;
 And whilst the poor mariner calls on his God,
 They solace his spirit, and guard his frail bark.

Then swift as the lightning the dying to cheer,
 Whisper peace to the contrite whose sins are
 forgiven ;
 And when the last pangs of fond nature are o'er,
 Strike their harps and away with the spirit to
 heaven.

THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

O GIVE me back my Highland hills,
 O'er which I used to roam,
 Give me the broom and heather-bell
 Which blossom round my home!

O Mary dear, I hear thy voice
 High o'er the raging foam,
 Thou'rt whispering, "Donald, haste thee back
 To bless our Highland home."

No, never! for in distant lands
 Life's sorrow I will brave,
 Since thou, my light and only joy,
 Art sleeping in the grave.

Then farewell, bonny Scotland dear,
 I'm hastening o'er the sea;
 Farewell to broom and heather-bell,
 But, Mary, not to thee!

For tho' no more o'er hill and dale
With thee I gladly roam,
We yet shall meet, to part no more,
In yon bright, better home.

ON MARY MAGDALENE.

Nor gold nor rubies didst thou bring
As offerings to heaven's mighty king;
No! 'twas not trifles such as these
That could thy Father's wrath appease;
But, filled with guilt's embitter'd smart,
Thou didst present thy contrite heart,
And wash thy Saviour's sacred feet
With tears of penitence so sweet;
Wiped them with thy dishevell'd hair,
Nor precious ointment didst thou spare.
He watch'd thy tears, and took a part
In the wild throbbings of thy heart—
Forgave thy sins—bade anguish cease,
And bade thee, Mary, "Go in peace."

ON DEPARTED FRIENDS.

FRIENDS of my youth, ye're departed,
And left me all silent and sad ;
Still o'er life's troubles brave-hearted,
Tho' mourning for joys I once had.

How sacred is friendship's devotion
Your fond hearts and mine once could tell ;
But ye've sailed life's tempestuous ocean,
And bade me for ever farewell.

I returned, and I thought to have found ye,
As I left you, all healthy and gay ;
But broken's the spell which then bound me,
Since, beloved ones, ye're far, far away.

At eve as I pensively view
Yon lovely bright star in the sky,
'Tis then that my tears flow anew,
When none save my Maker is by.

Why grieve? a few more fleeting years
May bring us together, and then,
Beloved ones, ye'll dry all my tears,
And we'll never be parted again.

COMPOSED ON VISITING THE TOMB
OF BURNS AT DUMFRIES.

BEHOLD, thè lovely Muse descends,
Through breezes soft her way she wends,
To hail the rustic swain.

The all-inspiring mantle she
Around him thrōws right cannilie
On Ayrshire's rural plain.

“Go bid fair Scotia's nobles now
Wreathe round her bard's poetic brow
The poet's deathless bays.

“ All bards for wit thou shalt transcend,
E'en princes at thy shrine shall bend—
That shrine a peasant's plough.”

This said, she quickly disappears,
Leaving our bard 'mid joyous tears,
Poetic-raptur'd now.

Then rest in peace, fair Scotia's son,
A brighter wreath I trust thou'st won
Than fabling Fancy gives.

May'st thou be singing sweeter strains,
Where everlasting music reigns,
And fame for ever lives.

THE LITTLE FRUIT SELLER.

FROM A PICTURE AT ERROL PARK.

SWEET child, I feel for thee ! the passer-by
 Will cast on thee a cold unpitying eye ;
 Thy supplicating looks will meet disdain—
 Contempt that must thy tender bosom pain.
 'Tis hard, for something noble I can trace
 In the fine features of thy thoughtful face.
 Genius is stamp'd upon thy brow so fair,
 Half hidden by the tresses of thy hair—
 Bright golden locks that need a mother's care ;
 And mild the lustre of thy soft blue eye,
 Whilst thy complexion might with lilies vie.
 Yet want, pale want, sits on thy cheeks so fair,
 And mocks the tint that fain would mantle there.
 Those fingers, cast in nature's finest mould,
 With silken string thy trusty favourite hold—
 A treasure dearer far to thee than gold.
 Fair child, I pity thee !—that faithful brute,
 Crouch'd at thy feet to guard thy summer fruit,
 Perchance is all the friend thou well canst own :
 He too, like thee, a better state hath known.

TO A COUSIN.

WHEN I am far away from thee,
 And 'tween us rolls the faithless sea,
 And I hear no more thy social glee,
 Wilt thou remember me,

Mary ?

Should fortune's banners o'er me wave,
 Or misery's winds around me rave,
 One last request—no more—I crave ;
 Then, then remember me,

Mary !

When far from my own native isle,
 And solac'd by a stranger's smile,
 While flattering hopes mine hours beguile,
 Oh, still remember me,

Mary !

Then, if in after years we meet,
 In friendship true each other greet,
 Ah, then will come the memory sweet
 That thou'st remembered me,

Mary !

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE

HER work is hurried o'er, and Kate's away
With braided hair and dress so clean and neat ;
The old folks she has promised not to stay,
And told them she is going a friend to meet.

'Tis strange, but so it is when old we're growing,
The younger generation think we're dull,
And sometimes think themselves a little knowing
When the suspicions of old age they lull.

Kate did not mind the tale her grannie told
Of stolen meetings oft in ruin ending,
Wondering how maidens now could be so bold,
Flirting when they might be their stockings
mending.

But poor old grannie she might scold in vain,
For Kate had better notions of her lover ;
In him who sought her youthful hand to gain,
She never yet one blemish could discover.

So grannie she was wrong thus to be scolding,
For William he was honest, kind, and brave ;
And while these lovers were communion
 holding,
Approving heaven smiled on the joys it gave.

But hark, that sound ! it is the village bells,
And Kate, true to her time, is home returning ;
Then, in a gentle voice, to Will she tells,
To introduce him to her sire she's yearning.

The lad is " nothing loth ;" so near the cot
He lingers till young happy Kate ran in,
And begged her mother to forbid it not,
As she was sure the lad would favour win.

There, by a nice clean hearth and cheerful fire,
Sat Kate's fond father in his old arm-chair ;
'Twas there you might behold the Christian sire
With his lov'd Bible and his Book of Prayer.

The favour's ask'd—'tis given; away Kate flies,
Conducts him where she'd love him aye to be :
And now what pleasure's beaming in their eyes !
A scene like this e'en angels love to see.

Keen was the sire to see the much-loved swain,
So lifts his spectacles from off his nose—
There stood the pride of all the rural plain,
With hat in hand, right trim from top to toes.

And then he had a bold and manly air,
A countenance where beam'd love, peace, and
truth,
By nature taught alone to win the fair,
A simple rustic, yet a gallant youth.

And Katie she was artless, fair, and mild,
With dark blue eyes bright as the azure sky ;
In truth she was dame Nature's fairest child ;
With any goddess this fair maid might vie.

No gay attire, no ornaments had she ;
Her beauty shone most when most humbly drest ;
And she had virtue and simplicity—
With these you'll say she was supremely blest.

Tray barks a welcome, glad young Kate to see ;
And she, as playful, pats her favourite's pate ;
But Tray now wonders who this lad can be
That has this evening ventur'd home with Kate.

Now see Will seated by the maiden's side;
Her parents, too, converse with friendly chat,
And with their simple honest country pride
They first discourse on this, and then on that.

Awhile he sits, then rises to depart,
And beckons charming Kate's fond father out,
Then tells him with a fearful, fluttering heart
All he that evening had come there about.

Few were his words—"Will dame and you
consent
To give me your sweet daughter Kate to wife?
To live without her I'll ne'er be content—
With her, I'm sure I'd happy be thro' life."

The old man eyed him, gave a hem or two,
And then he shook his head, and then he snail'd,
Then said, "My lad, I scarce know what to do
In giving thee my only darling child.

"No doubt you mean well, but our youthful Kate
Is but a meek and very tender flower;
She ill could bide the storms of cruel fate—
And ah! how many feel its lawless power!

“ Believe me, lad, that all will never pass
Unruffled with thee in a married life ;
Experience tells me there are cares and toils
Which must and will attend on man and wife.

“ Think well, my lad, before you wedlock try ;
Should fortune frown, and poverty pop in,
How love would quickly thro’ the window fly
At sight of one so ghastly, grim, and thin.”

“ Well,” said the noble youth, “ all this, dear
sir,
I have considered many a day ago ;
But still I trust, with industry to stir,
And scare away the miserable foe.

“ God ever was and is the good man’s Friend,
The honest man’s endeavours He will bless ;
He may have grief, but angels will attend
To shield, to soothe, and help him in distress.”

Pleased with such words, the old man turn’d
aside
To hide the tear that dimm’d his heavenward
eye ;

He felt, if Kate became young William's bride,
His generous heart would ne'er cause her to
sigh ;

Then said, " My lad, I will your plea attend,
So go you with a cheerful spirit home,
And you may take my honest word, my friend,
That you our minds shall know next time you
come."

And then, reminding him that it was late,
But asking that he would return and sup,
" Now see you don't look sad before dear Kate,
As I would have you keep your spirits up."

And there, on cloth as white as driven snow,
With willing hands Kate hath the supper spread,
And then, with prayerful voice distinct and slow,
The humble and the heartfelt grace is said.

The frugal meal being ended with delight,
The maiden opes for him the cottage door ;
He press'd her hand, and kindly bade good
night,
Whispering, " Dear Kate, I wish our marriage
o'er."

He comes again—they fix the wedding-day,
And soon all is prepar'd both neat and new
The banns are cried, and bridesmaids now so
 gay
Are chosen—two whom Kate from childhood
 knew.

Not far off stood the church, of Gothic style,
The path which happy Kate had often trod :
'Twas there to heaven she gave her earliest
 smile,
'Twas there her parents offer'd her to God.

And then its Pastor was so good and mild,
Who view'd his flock with shepherd's anxious
 care :
In wisdom man, in vice but yet a child ;
A saint on earth, and heaven's immortal heir.

He taught the precepts of our blessed Lord,
And by his own life set example too
By rich and poor, by young and old adored—
So generous, just, and kind to all he knew.

The cell of wretchedness would visit oft—
Point out and teach redemption's glorious plan ;
And then in accents so divinely soft
Declare the Saviour's love to contrite man.

Old Time had left his spacious forehead bare,
But he had left a reverence in his face,
That tho' 'twas bleach'd, his once bright auburn
 hair,
Those silvery locks did still his temples grace.

And then so firm and dignified his walk,
And yet no pride, save conscious worth, had he ;
For he would with the worst, the vilest talk,
And of his hearers the adviser be.

Such was the Priest. Now comes the bridal day :
Behold young Kate in all her beauty now ;
Her cousins see—how busy too are they
Twining a wreath around her lily brow.

The wished-for hour's arrived, and they're away
With joyful hearts unto the house of prayer ;
E'en poor Tray barks and frisks about quite gay,
And really seems the wedding joy to share.

Now at the altar see the reverend sire,
Smiling upon the scene with parent's pride,
Offering to bounteous heaven a fervent prayer
For blessings on the youthful, blushing bride.

Hark ! now the solemn service has begun ;
The pious man, taught by God's holy book,
Proclaims this happy couple join'd in one :
Meek were his accents, mild his heavenly look,

As with authority he bade them dwell
In love together, till death's fatal dart
Should break the grand and the mysterious
spell

Which binds together many a loving heart.

He tells young William to be kind and true,
To love and cherish still his new-made wife,
As God who join'd them would his actions view,
And mark the course of all his wedded life.

He bade young Kate be dutiful and kind—
A faithful, fond, and ever-loving wife ;
Each duty of the marriage state to mind,
To be a bright and guiding star thro' life.

Saluting her then with a holy kiss,
He pray'd that God would speed them to life's
 end ;
Hoped heaven might crown their mutual love
 with bliss,
And fair Religion all their steps attend.

Now, hark ! within the cottage joy's resounding,
And none more happy or more blest than they ;
Jokes they are cracking, merry hearts are
 bounding—
And why not ? for 'tis Katie's bridal day.

The merry magpie, too, with friendly chat,
Who long ago had archly learn'd to prate,
Hopp'd gaily to the chair where William sat,
And said, " Be kind to my sweet pretty Kate."

The bridal day has flown—and they're away,
Blest with the prayers of all the village round ;
And many a one said on that wedding day
That William had a matchless treasure found.

Now in a snug neat cot this blooming pair
Are happier far than princes of the land :

A few years passed, and Katie, good and fair,
Was the fond mother of a beauteous band.

The cot had lattic'd windows, red-brick floor,
O'er it the foliage of wide-spreading trees ;
Six sunburnt children gambol'd round the door,
Whose bright locks sported with the playful
breeze.

Three hardy, clever lads, whose eyes so bright
Flash'd forth the genius of the future men ;
And three sweet girls, pure as the lily white,
In whom the mother's beauty bloom'd again.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWHEEL, my friends ! I fear na mair
 I'll see your honest faces,
 For ye maun gang, and sa maun I,
 To widely-sunder'd places.

But listen, ere I breathe again
 What gars me sair to greet,
 And tells me that on earth again
 We never mair shall meet.

Ye've sax braw sturdy sons, I ken,
 As e'er wore Highland bonnet :
 Ye train them weel, and muckle guid
 Ye may expect upon it.

There's George—he's wedded, and has noo
 Ane that maun ca' ye grannie ;
 But ye're no a bit the aulder for't—
 It gars ye look mair cannie.

And Martin, the young drummer lad,
The sonsy, weel-far'd chiel,
O may he, like his daddie, serve
His Queen and country weel.

But Alec, he's a wag, I ween,
No like the ane in Dover ;
And gin I read the callan right,
He'll be a wee bit rover.

There's independence in his ee—
He winna be a slave ;
But that's the spunk, ye ken, that maks
The bravest o' the brave.

And Willie—he's the mither's bairn—
He'll ever be the same ;
The kindly glances o' his ee
Tell me ye'll love his name.

The twa wee things, just toddling yet
About their minnie's knee,
O may they be, in health and grace,
A' ye wou'd hae them be.

Noo when ye're in a caulder clime,
And snug and cannilie
Ye're settled doun na mair to roam
Until the day ye dee ;

When seated by your ingle-side,
Where hamely joys combine,
To gar ye think and crack about
The days o' auld lang syne ;

Then will ye send a passing thought
Across the stormy sea,
Wondering what the world's about
Wi' a' my bairns and me.

And noo again I breathe the word
Which gars me sair to greet—
Fareweel, my friends, a long fareweel !
We never mair shall meet !

KING DAVID'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON.

O ABSALOM, my son! my son! would I had
died for thee—

Would that thy sire this woful day had never
liv'd to see!

Ah! was it well of thee, great chief of all my
armed men?

Did I not strictly charge ye to bring my son
again?

Did I not say, when from the field in triumph
back ye come,

Be sure ye bring to me unhurt the young man
Absalom?

How well the mandate ye've obeyed his death
alone can tell.

O Absalom, my princely boy, my beauteous
one, farewell!

Vain's this mock fealty to me, foul the dark
deed ye've done,

Ye've buried like an outcast dog my own ill-
fated son!

O Absalom, my son! my son! fair flower of all
I cherish'd!

Rather would I have died than thou hadst thus
ignobly perish'd.

My soul had not pour'd out her grief in this
lamenting strain,

Hadst thou, 'mid victory, bleeding fall'n upon
the battle-plain.

Was there not one—not one among ye mighty
and ye brave—

No hand to save my darling from a base un-
honour'd grave?

Say not to me "Thy crown he took—thce from
thy kingdom drove!"

Surely his better spirit oft in that wild conflict
strove,

Till in an evil hour he was by Satan over-
come:

O let me weep for evermore o'er my lost Ab-
salom!

'Tis true he was rebellious—that this fond heart
he pain'd—

Yet O my grief is greater far than the false
joy he gain'd.

'Tis vain to tell me that he was my most em-
bitter'd foe :

The love which bound him to my heart how
little can ye know !

My son ! my son ! O had they borne thy life-
less body here,

I could have eas'd this bursting heart in floods
upon thy bier !

But vain the wish—thou'rt sleeping now, all
heedless of thy foes,

Until the eternal morning dawns to break thy
deep repose.

Ah, what avails it now that ye have this great
victory won,

Since ye have stain'd your laurels with the life-
blood of my son !

What tho' my mail-clad warriors with songs
and shouts advance,

What is the sound of trump to me, the timbrel
or the dance ?

And vain are all the trophies which ye scatter
at my feet,
Since he whom my soul idoliz'd I never more
may greet.
Then, to your tents, ye valiant ones! in joy ye
may not come,
For lo! your king is weeping o'er dishonour'd
Absalom.

THE BETROTHAL OF REBECCA.

THE birds had gather'd to their roost, the sheep
unto their fold,
Just as the sun was setting in a sea of brilliant
gold,
When forth came Nahor's maidens, in rustic
garments clad,
In all the sweet springtide of youth, light hearts
and spirits glad,

With pitchers on their shoulders: 'twas a lovely sight, I ween.

With sandal'd feet and graceful step they tripp'd the flowery green ;

But there was one—a lovely one—more favour'd than the rest,

A future mother, in whose line all nations should be blest.

No costly gems bedeck'd her hair, no glittering gold nor pearl :

A crown of simple modesty adorn'd this Hebrew girl.

And as this group of city maids drew nearer to the well,

Say, did not then the good man's heart his errand yearn to tell ?

While Rebecca stood before him in all the grace of youth,

Did it not flash upon his mind—the undisguised truth—

That this was she, the destined one, the precious boon from heaven,

Whom God in His unerring choice had to his master given ?

She graciously presents the draught from out
the crystal tide ;

The weary way-worn camels, too, with needful
food supplied.

Sweet kindly-hearted maiden ! meet one for
Isaac's bride !

Ah ! surely angels smil'd upon that bright
eventful hour

When thou o'er that good servant's heart dis-
play'dst thy winning power,

Exalted from the shade to be mother of mighty
kings—

Progenitors of Him whose praise the mighty
seraph sings,

Or, low adoring, veils his head beneath his
starry wings.

Almighty Father ! Thou the God in whom Thy
people trust,

'Tis Thou canst raise the lowly up—the humble
from the dust.

Rebecca, who can tell the joy which fill'd thy
guileless heart

When Abram's faithful servant did the blissful
tale impart

To thee, thou lovely household gem, by all thy
friends caress'd—

In Nahor's city where was one so honour'd
and so bless'd?

Surely the sun ne'er usher'd in a more aus-
picious morn

Than when thou left'st thy father's home, in
bridal beauty borne,

Protected by the kindly friends of thy affianc'd
lord—

More goodly company ne'er rode o'er plain or
dewy sward.

ON THE RETURN OF BRITISH TROOPS
FROM INDIA.

WELCOME ! welcome ! gallant band,
Homeward from a foreign strand—
'Thrice welcome to your native land !
'Neath proud India's burning sun,
Battles ye have fought and won.

Delhi and Cawnpore can tell
How their fancied glory fell,
By the brave we love so well.

Scarce had clos'd the Russian contest
'Mid hunger, thirst, and discontent,
Ere war's bugle loudly sounded,
And to burning climes ye went.

There 'mid slaughter foul, inhuman,
Ye held on your weary way,
Marching by the cheerless moonbeam,
Resting 'neath the sun's fierce ray :
There those cowards, murderers, foemen,
Crouch'd before your dreaded guns ;
Kings and chieftains knelt before ye—
Homage paid to Britain's sons.
May that One who goes before ye
Fight your battles, plead your cause,
Still defend old England's glory,
Still protect her honour'd laws.
And shall we, whose homes ye shelter
From dishonour, grief, and shame,
Shall we fail to crown with honour
Brave defenders of our fame ?
Think, when far from home and strangers,
Sever'd from each holy tie,
How they've bravely fac'd all dangers
Rather than dishonour'd die.
We hail you then, ye brave, ye dear ones !
Homeward from a foreign strand,—
Maidens, mothers long to give you
Welcome to your fatherland.

Hail, "D troop," among the bravest,
Ye have fought for England's weal,
Through the toilsome dread campaigning
Central India knew your zeal.
O it was a weary watching,
Seeking tiger in his lair!
'Mid the jungle, by the torchlight,
Worn-out sentinels ye were.
Drizzly rain now thickly falling
On your brave devoted heads,—
Chargers' necks your only pillows,
Chargers' backs your barrack beds.
Weary eyes that knew no sleeping,
Drooping on your saddle-bow,
Thro' the hours of midnight keeping
Keenest vigils o'er the foe.
Noblest, bravest British soldiers,
Scorning respite e'er so brief,
So that ye might wave your banners
O'er each haughty rebel chief.
Nana Sahib, Tantia Topce—
Demons in a human form—
Idols fail'd them—nought to lean on—
Flew before your dreadful storm.

But the day is fast approaching
When that poor benighted land
Shall proclaim that ye've been brothers—
Join with Christians hand in hand.
Stern Britannia greets her soldiers,
Wield they gun or battle-blade ;
And she greets above all others
England's Royal Horse Brigade.

THE OPENING OF ST. ANDREW'S
CHURCH, LEICESTER.

'Tis right to build gay palaces,
Adorn'd with costly things ;
Right to give rulers honour due,
And homage pay to kings.

But better far than all the rest,
Upon this sacred sod,
To rear a tabernacle fair,
A temple to our God.

Here shall the gentle Nazarene,
Who doth our sorrows bear,
Descend, a mighty God, to hear
And bless our humble prayer.

Oh ! may its pastor here be bless'd
In this his arduous task,
And homeward bring a wayward flock,
Of thee, O Lord, we ask.

•

ON THE DEATH OF

A MUCH LAMENTED CHILD

•

OF

CAPTAIN AND LADY H. ALLEN.

COME, bring ye flowers of fairest hue,
 And deck the tomb where Robert sleeps;
 That they may shed their fragrant sweets
 Where a fond mother weeps.

How good, how meet the offering is,
 That mother's heart alone can tell;
 'Tis sweet affection's gift, ere yet
 Earth breathes the last farewell.

Ere yet the sombre coffin-lid
 Hath hid for ever from her sight
 All that death's withering hand could touch,
 All that the cankering worm can blight.

Then scatter flowers, all wet with tears,
Where love still lingering weeps,—
Meet emblems of that gentle boy
Whose dust in silence sleeps.

CARSE OF GOWRIE.

I LOVE thee, bonny Carse of Gowrie,
Thy crystal streams and meadows flowery.
Adown thee flows the lovely Tay
Its sinuous course—its silvery way.
Rich nature spreads her gay attire
Round the lov'd home of many a squire ;
Thy lads and lasses, blythe and gay,
So happy pass life's early day ;
For beauty far and near thou'rt famed,
And Scotia's garden well thou'rt named.
I still shall love thee, bonny Gowrie,
Thy crystal streams and meadows flowery.

HE'S FAR, FAR AWAY.

He's far, far away

O'er the wild raging sea,
The lad who once sang
Soft and sweetly to me.

Ah ! why, cruel fates,
Why did ye decree
That he should be parted,
My laddie, frae me ?

How my heart oft rejoic'd
At a smile frae his ee ;
And he spoke aye sae kindly,
The laddie, to me.

Altho', ye rude billows,
I canna trust you
To bring again safely
My laddie so true ;

Yet angels shall watch him,
And I shall yet see
Better days dawning bright
On my laddie and me.

And he will be faithful,
And I shall yet be
Sae blythe with the lad
Who sang sweetly to me.

FOR THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

SEARCH this book, and thou shalt see
Flowers of Eden bloom for thee—
Diadems thou shalt behold
Of the purest, brightest gold :
Study well, and thou shalt be
Wise thro' all eternity :
Practise well, and thou shalt wear
Gems to deck thy golden hair
When thou art an angel fair.

WRITTEN FOR I. A. M. ON THE EVE
OF HER MARRIAGE.

I LANG hae loed thee dearly, Willie,
 I lang hae loed thee dearly ;
 All that thou hast said to me
 I've believed sincerely, Willie—
 I've believed sincerely.

Ye're aye sae kind to me, Willie,
 Ye're aye sae kind to me,
 And light's the smile that plays about
 Thy bright and sparkling ee, Willie—
 Thy bright and sparkling ee.

Then let weal or woe betide, Willie,
 Let weal or woe betide,
 Ye shall be the lad yoursel,
 And I will be the bride, Willie—
 And I will be the bride.

Then when the knot is tied, Willie,
When the knot is tied,
Sae cantie we will sit and crack
At our ain ingleside, Willie—
At our ain ingleside.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR.

WHAT is yon radiant light appearing ?
What that heaven-born strain so cheering ?
Who those spirits fair descending,
O'er the lowly shepherds bending ?
'Tis the messengers of glory
Come to tell the welcome story :
“ Fear ye not, frail sons of earth !
Haste and hail a Saviour's birth ;
'Neath yon heaven-directed star,
Lies the infant God afar :
Your Redeemer, there a stranger,
Slumbers sweet in Bethlehem's manger.”

ON THE DEATH OF
MRS. AMBROSE BLACKLOCK,
WHO DIED AT MADRAS.

“She gave up the ghost : her sun went down while it was
yet day.”

Now in a silent grave she sleeps
Far in a distant land,
Once star of our domestic hearth,
Gem of our household band.

With us she trod life's flowery paths,
Cheer'd us with songs of gladness,
And with those smiles, too bright to last,
Oft whiled away our sadness.

'Mid earthly trials meekly she
The path of duty trod,
Upon her Saviour cast her care,
And closely “walked with God.”

No earthly object dimm'd the view
Of Canaan's blissful shore,
Where now with the assembled just
She dwells for evermore.

And though in spirit still we weep
Upon thy narrow bed,
Yet, ah ! forgive, blest shade, the tears
Which we in sorrow shed.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Ah ! could ye have traced your lost Robert's
flight

Upward and onward to realms of light,
Array'd in a robe such as angels wear,
Soaring aloft thro' the balmy air ;
Had you seen the commission'd angel-band
Guiding him home to their Father's land—

Heard as he enter'd their harps sweetly sound,
While the seraph inhabitants gathered around :
"All hail, happy spirit! bless'd change thou
 hast made ;
Here our trees ever blossom, our flowers never
 fade ;
And more than we wish for before us now lies,
For Emmanuel hath wip'd all our tears from
 our eyes."

EPITAPH ON A CANARY.

Oh, reader ! drop a tear
For the songster who lies here ;
For low beside this dairy
Tuneless lies our sweet canary.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

ALL bright be the gems which encircle thy
brow,

My lov'd benefactress, for ever !

Our Father hath call'd thee away to that land
Where sorrow and pain can come never.

Tho' thy sweet form in death's chilly arms is
now lying,

And thy loving friends weeping around,

Yet thou art rejoicing in bliss never-dying,

With bright Immortality crown'd.

And tho' we shall hear thy sweet voice never
more

In this dark, dreary valley of tears,

Yet thou thy sweet harp 'mong the seraphs art
tuning,

Far away thro' yon bright, glittering spheres.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, then, thou lov'd
one, for ever !

Tho' on earth we shall see thee no more,
We shall meet thee again, where death cannot
sever,

When our own toilsome journey is o'er.

This book is DUE on the last
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JRL

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